

A
NEW MODEL
For the REBUILDING
MASONRY
ON A

Stronger Basis than the former ;

WITH A

SOUND CONSTITUTION, and a curious
CATECHISM drawn from Rules both
intelligible and instructive ;

In THREE DEGREES:

Teaching the

Whole World to be MASONS, without the Im-
putation of being either Fools or Knaves.

To which is added,

Several diverting SONGS

BY

CELEBRATED MASONS
Of the OLD ORDER,

AND

Some new ones propos'd as Subjects for a certain Ora-
tor, with the Downfall of the Old Structure, a melan-
choly Poem address'd to MELPOMENE.

By PETER FARMER Esq;

Dedicated to Mr. Orator HENLEY.

L O N D O N .

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the Chaplains near St. Paul's. 1730. (Price 4d.)

Read Jan 1776. . . diverting

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To the Reverend

Mr. *H E N L E Y*,

T H E

Famous Orator at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

S I R,

*W*HEN I consider your Sagacity, Learning, Wit, and the many Accomplishments you are happy in, I should be dead to a Sense of Things, should I desire any other Person to patronize this Performance: Besides, I hate Flattery, and am sensible I am not capable of giving you less Distinctions than you really merit, and in a very particular Manner this Pamphlet ought to be dedicated to your self only; the Subject being so adapted to your Genius, few will think otherwise than that you have the chief Hand in it; and by the Instructions I had from one of our new Order, I guess you enliven'd the Subject by some notable Inventions, which could never spring from any other Pericranium: I had not made use of your Name on this Occasion, without our conferring Notes, but wanted Opportunity, and consider'd your

iv DEDICATION.

Generosity would excuse me : However, I shall make my self known to you personally in a few Days, and assure you how much I esteem your Works in general. Could any Tongue but Mr. Henley's speak so many fine Things on the yelping, braying, butting, snapping, snarling, grinning, barking, growling, puffing, blowing, learing, staring, strutting, snorting, and petulant Clatter of Prichard and others, about Masonry, in that curious Dissertation of yours, intitled, The Free Masons Triumph; or Hod and Trowel beat the whole Field. Malicious People say, you borrowed those Redundancies from Pool's Parnassus : What if you did? it shews your Judgment in chusing so learned an Author, and what most of our celebrated Poets use for Terms they are unacquainted with; and tho' you did not put it in Italick Character, as a Quotation, you have the Authority of the greatest Men in the Land for a Pattern.

*Your Enemies indeed say, Your jumbling Things together, which have no Respect to, or Affinity with each other, shews a Tincture of Madness in your Brain, rather than either a good Understanding, or the least Respect for the Religion you profess. But they talk like Men of very dull Apprehensions. The World itself was without Form and Void; Things lay promiscuously jumbled together, but we find Order is sprung out of all this Confusion; I will not say it was
by*

D E D I C A T I O N. V

by a jumbling of Atoms, as some aver; but 'tis very evident your jumbling Things incoherently together, have extracted Gold and Silver out of nothing, which is what none of our Virtuoso's ever pretended to. Things directly opposite to each other meeting together, frequently divert or instruct us; a Man's Head and a rotten Egg are not much alike, except he is Addle-headed; (I speak with Reverence to you, Sir,) yet when they meet in a proper Place, the wicked have an Example before their Eyes, and the very ignorant Mob are diverted.

When silly People read an Advertisement of yours, which may run thus.

At the Oratory in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, on *Wednesday* next, the Subject will be a great Cat and a little Dog, small Beer Leger de Main, *Vaux's Booth*, and the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, an Ecclesiastick Dumpling, and the Pulpit the Pot; to boil it in the Flame, makes the Pot boil o're, which scalds the People, *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, a Brass Kettle, Wooden Shoo, *Richmond Park*, and a Toast toasted.

I say, when silly People read such an Advertisement, they say, See what a mad Preamble is here. But did they hear your learned Dissertations on such Subjects, they would admire your Parts, and contribute to advance the celebrated Author of such elaborate Disquisitions.

I should

VI DEDICATION.

*I should launch further in your Praises,
but fear being censur'd for undertaking a
Work fit for the most able Hand in Christen-
dom. Pardon me, Sir, I do not mean such
a Hand as that of William Joy, the strong
Man of Kent, but such a Hand as your
own, which can do any thing, but pick a
Man's Pocket of a Shilling.*

I am yours, &c. &c.

And to use Language like your own,

I am yours

everlastingly,

and for ever

Afterwards.

A NEW

A
N E W M O D E L
 For the R E B U I L D I N G
M A S O N R Y, &c.

AS most Kingdoms, Common-wealths and Principalities have been subject to Vicissitudes, it is no Wonder, or at least it should not be thought one, that the Free Masons, by Time and Corruption, have need of a thorough Renovation: They may say this which never *Old Rome* nor *Athens* could boast of, that they have kept in the old Way (if their Accounts are true) almost from the Beginning of Time; and tho' every Age is wiser and wiser, all the Wisdom of the World could never before correct their Mistakes, or improve their grand *Thesis*: This makes appear that we in this Age are a very notable People, and this Island the only Overturers in the Universe.

As MASONRY is new modeliz'd, every free and accepted Mason must think justly, speak intelligibly, and act honestly, and to approve himself a worthy Brother, he must converse only to gain Knowledge in our publick Communities, and disperse that Knowledge for the Good of Mankind in general; he must propose nothing as a Secret, lest it becomes a Custom, and thereby an Introduction to such Methods as made the old Order scandalous; he must lay aside the Prejudices of
 Edu-

Education, and apply to the Study of Things first in their natural Light, and improve his Understanding by solid and undeniable Principles. The Man that does this shall be a free and accepted Mason of the new Order, and shall be distinguished by his Answers as follows:

Enter'd Prentice's DEGREE.

Q. **A**RE you a Brother Mason?

A. Yes I am in Deed and Truth:
And have been so from my Youth.

Q. Tell me where you first was made,
And how you learn'd the Mason's Trade?

A. *Billy Parr and Tomey Daw*
Built a House of Mud and Straw,
And with them I did devise
Several sorts of Mortar Pies.
Tho' my Mother whip'd me for't,
I would cultivate the Dirt,
And with Art and little Hands,
Try'd the Marl of different Lands,
And such Knowledge had in Ground;
Different Uses for it found.
First I rais'd a Puddle-Dam,
That would wet above my Ham;
And like little dirty Dog,
Wallowed in it like a Hog:

Then

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Then I built a Wall of Mud,
Blending Sand to make it good;
And I rais'd a Palace fine,
Where the Fairy Elves might dine;
It had Chambers three or four,
And a Card for every Floor.
It was fourteen Inches high,
But with working I was dry;
And, ah me! I went to drink,
Of Misfortunes did not think,
Comes my Father's Spavin Horse,
(Still I grieve, O wretched Loïs!)
Hits my House with rotten Heel,
Ah me! I came and saw it reel;
And e're I the Beast could lick,
He had given t'other Kick.
I set up a horrid Yell,
And my House to Atoms fell:
But I since have wrote a Lecture
On the famous Architecture,
And have satyriz'd the Horse
As a Brute without Remorse.

Q. Have you left off building now?
If you build, pray tell me how?

A. Yes, I build, both round and square,
Towns and Castles in the Air;
If I happen in Disgrace,
And petition for a Place.
Whilst for Office I attend
On the Place-insuring Friend,
I a Noble Structure raise,
And I soar like Poets Bays,

B

Till

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Till the Purse and Patience drains;
Then the blust'ring Winds and Rains
Shake th' imaginary Walls,
And then down the Structure falls.

Q. What is your Denomination
In the Masons Occupation.

Q. I am call'd an Observator
In the Rules of Nomenclator;
For an Hour I sit and hear
What with Reason does appear;
Then I am allow'd to speak,
And a short Oration make,
To instruct or to divert,
Or of Port to pay a Quart.

Q. Did you not belong to those
That *Sam Prichard* did expose?

A. Yes, I did, and made a Speech
Doctrine *Plato* could not teach.

Q. Pray repeat the fine Preamble.

A. It was at a *Christmas* Gambole
Sated with Varieties,
Pig and Goose and dainty Pies,
I my own Opinion gave
Man to Appetite's a Slave,
And in Embryo Sicknefs lies
In the Heart of *Christmas* Pies,
And in luscious icy Cake
Hidden lies a poisonous Snake.
This I urg'd with Vehemence,
Till with Rattle void of Sense,
I was overstay'd and cast
By a Cook that deals in Paste,

Rebuilding Masonry, &c. II

At the Corner of a Street,
Where the Merchants daily meet.

Q. What's the Word that now you use
When our Company you chuse?

A. At the Entrance of the Door,
That was guarded so before,
I cry BRETHREN aloud,
I am one amongst the Croud,
There we drink, some White, some Red,
Discourse, get drunk, and go to Bed.

The End of the 'Prentice's Part.

Second Degree, or Fellow-Craft's Part.

Q. **A**RE you of the Fellow-Craft,
Let me know it *fore and aft*?

A. As a Man may sing or say,
I'm a Brother in the Way,
Made by Brethren of the Craft,
Who in making of me laugh'd.

Q. Who gave your Lodge the making Rule?
And who the Master of the School?

A. A mighty Man at mighty Things,
Old Women, Coblers and Kings,
Horse-Races Drolls and antick Plays,
Furnish him Matter for Essays.
He and another held me fast,
While I the Ceremony pass'd;

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The Master call'd the ORATOR,
 Bid me obey without Demur,
 And mimick him in every Air,
 Which I performed to a Hair;
 The first he cock'd his nether Jaw,
 Then in each Nostril stuck a Straw,
 Twirl'd both his Whiskers, pop'd his Tongue
 Beneath his Chin, and there it hung,
 And with an odd distorted Eye
 Seem'd both at once to laugh and cry.
 Then like a Tragedian on the Stage,
 With hands and Feet pourtray'd a Rage.
 He bid me then with him untruss,
 And act high Jinks, we did it thus.
 My Head was fix'd his Legs between,
 And his 'twixt mine, a pleasant Scene,
 Each Face from t'other, none could blush,
 And t'other see, but I must hush,
 Till in that Posture you and I
 Do in the Ground together lie.

[Now we're right fix'd.]

Q. Did not our ancient Order gull
 An enter'd 'Prentice as a Cull?

A. Yes, we did, and Reason good,
 For so we ought as Matters stood;
 Your self was bit by Ancestors,
 And they before were bit by theirs.
 Then what we did was eke no more
 Than what our Fathers did before.

Q. This was the ancient Argument,
 And thus I own our Matters went;

But

Rebuilding Masonry, &c. 13

But that in Conscience was but base,
There's Alteration in the Case :
Then tell me very plainly how
Our Craft must make a Mason now ?

A. Why? since the Secret's common known,
The Old Inventions of our own
Must in Oblivion be forgot,
And all our Profit go to Pot.
Our Masons now must enter free,
To hold the Bonds of Unity,
No more must Guineas two or three
Be paid, to feast both you and me :
But yet to keep a Spice of Mirth,
That Mortals Life makes sweet on Earth.
Some antick Gestures and Grimaces
Will be allow'd in all our Places;
And this the ORATOR confirms
Is innocent and free from Harms,
And proves it by the Tale of *Jews*,
Who held some Rites of ancient Use
Amongst the *Egyptians*, after they
From *Pharaoh's* Host had run away.

Master's D E G R E E.

Q. **M**Y Friend, if you a Master be,
Answer me Questions two or three.

A. Brother, as I have learn'd my Task,
I'll answer all that you can ask.

Q. How

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Q. How must a Mason Things express?
How must he walk? how must he dress?

A. His Speech and Dress must both be plain,
Walking with Stick or else a Cane.

Q. Is Marriage or a single Life
The better State to lead a Life.

A. As all Men long, let Masons try,
The Pain is great to be adry.

Q. Is it the best in Fields to roam?
Or go to Church, or stay at Home?

A. Sometimes the one, sometimes the t'other,
Sometimes to hear a learned Brother
Explode some notable Design,
Is better than a Pint of Wine;
Sometimes perchance the Wine is better,
Then put not on the pious Fetter;
There's nothing better than the Vine,
Our pious Notions to refine.

Q. When you a Master do commence,
Should you not be a Man of Sense.

A. It matters not for Sense or Wit,
He's wise enough that is discreet.
The Man who never thinks at all,
And little speaks, is best of all,
And he is wiser than the Schools,
Who knows the World is full of Fools.

Q. When an Apprentice does require
A Lecture that he may aspire,
And be a Fellow-Craft ordain'd:
Tell me, how is his Hope's obtain'd?

A. We keep him long in Ignorance,
And what he learns must be by chance;

But

But yet we mighty Things pretend,
That he shall be a learned Friend;
He then of mighty Prospects boasts,
And adds Acquaintance to our Hosts;
And then at last when he has all,
And all he has is nought at all,
Asham'd he's caught, gets others in,
And friendly lays his Friend a Ginn.

Q. What is the Oath you take at large,
When you at first receive your Charge?

A. I swear to be as true and good
As can agree with Flesh and Blood,
To swear no Oaths, to tell no Lies,
But what the Masons do devise,
None but my Enemies to hate,
Or may this Mis'ry be my Fate.
May I be ridden by a Witch,
Like Broomstick over Hedge and Ditch;
May Rain o'ertake me in a Suit
That's new, and spoil my Wig to boot;
May Crack in Collar of Shirt appear;
May I drink Water in my Beer;
And wear a Shoo without a Heel,
With Trotters for a *Sunday's* Meal.
May this, and more ill Luck, attend me,
And none a single Shilling lend me,
If I am not as true and good
As I can be for Flesh and Blood.

Enter'd

Enter'd 'Prentice's SONG.

COME, let us prepare,
 We Brothers that are
 Assembled on merry Occasion,
 Let's Drink, Laugh and Sing,
 Our Wine has a Spring,
 Here's a Health to an Accepted Mason.

The World is in Pain,
 Our Secrets to gain;
 Yet still let them Wonder and Gaze on,
 They ne'er can divine
 The Word nor the Sign
 Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many Great Men of the Nation
 Should Aprons put on,
 To make themselves one,
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Dukes and Lords
 Have lain by their Swords
 This our Mystery to put a bright Face on,
 And have ne'er been asham'd
 To bear themselves nam'd
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Antiqui-

Rebuilding Masonry, &c. 17

*Antiquities Pride
We have on our Side,
It maketh each just in his Station;
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a Free and an Accepted Mason.*

CHORUS.

*Then let's join Hand in Hand
To each other firm stand
This our Mystery to put a good Grace on;
What Mortal can boast
So noble a Toast
As a Free and an Accepted Mason?*

The Master's SONG.

THUS mighty Eastern Kings, and some
Of Abraham's Race and Monarch's good,
Of Egypt, Syria, Greece and Rome,
True Architecture understood.

*No wonder then if Masons join
To celebrate those Mason Kings
With solemn Note, and flowing Wine,
Whilst ev'ry Monarch jointly sings.*

C

CHORUS.

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CHORUS.

*Who can unfold the royal Art,
Or sing its Secrets in a Song;
They're safely kept in Masons Hearts,
And to the ancient Lodge belong.*

*A new Song composed by Mr. Moses
Harris, late Member of the One
Tun Lodge in Noble-Street.*

*AS I at Wheeler's Lodge one Night
Kept Bacchus Company;
For Bacchus is a Mason bright,
And of all Lodges free——free——free.*

*Said I, great Bacchus is adry,
Pray give the God some Wine;
Jove in a Fury did reply,
October's as divine——divine——divine.*

*It makes us Masons more compleat,
Adds to our Fancy Wings,
Makes us as Happy and as Great
As mighty Lords and Kings——Kings——Kings.*

The

The FAIRIES,

*Composed by Mr. Leveridge; to
which is added the Free Masons
Chorus.*

1st FAIRY.

NOW the hungry Lions roar,
And howling Wolves behold the Moon;
Now the heavy Plowmen snear
After daily Labours done.
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round,
Ever sacred be this Ground.

2^d FAIRY.

Now the Brands of Fire do glow
Whilst the Screech Owl screeching loud,
Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,
In Remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it, &c.

3^d FAIRY.

Now it is the Time of Night
That the Graves are gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his Spright
In the Church Way Paths to glide.
Trip it, &c.

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4th FAIRY.

*And we Fairies that do run
By the triple Hecat's Team,
From the Presence of the Sun,
Following Darkness like a Dream.
Trip it, &c.*

5th FAIRY.

*Tho' we frolick, let no Mouse,
Or boading Bird, or Bird of Prey,
Disturb the Quiet of this House;
But downy Sleep bring on the Day.
Trip it, &c.*

6th FAIRY.

*Weaving Spiders come not here;
Spotted Snakes do no Offence;
Beatles black approach not near;
Worm and Snail be far from hence.
Trip it, &c.*

7th FAIRY.

*By the dead and drowsy Fire,
Every Elf and Fairy Spright
Hop as little Bird from Brier,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.
Trip it, &c.*

8th FAIRY.

*Now join all your warbling Notes
In Chorus of sweet Harmony;*

Strain

Rebuilding Masonry, &c. 21

*Strain aloud your Fairy Throats,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round,
Ever Sacred be this Ground.*

CHORUS.

*Hand in Hand with Fairy Grace,
We will sing and bless this Place.*

The Masons CHORUS.

WHILST Masons guarded stand
With flaming Sword in Hand,
Under the Door we creep,
And round the Lodge we peep;
For when they tip it o'er their Thumb,
They drink their Supernaculum.

But as for Masonry,
Altho' we are not free,
In every Lodge we have been,
And all their Signs we have seen;
Yet such Respect to the Craft we bear,
Their Secrets we will ne'er declare.

A Song

*A Song made by a Mason, occasion'd
by a Report, that they were guilty
of Sodomitical Practices.*

LET Malicious People censure;
They're not worth a Mason's Answer,
While we drink and sing.
With no Conscience sting.
Let their evil Genius plague 'em,
And for Mollies Devil take 'em,
We'll be free and merry,
Drinking Port and Sherry,
Till the Stars at Midnight shine,
And our Eyes with them combine
The dark Night to banish;
Thus we will replenish
Nature, whilst the Glasses
With the Bottles passes:
Brother Mason free,
Here's to thee, to thee;
And let it, let it run the Table round,
While Envy does the Masons Foes confound.

*The following Song was made by a
Country Attorney, on his being ad-
mitted a Mason.*

IM Companion for Lords, and Dukes are my
Friends,
And at the next Term I can't miss of my Ends.

I'll

Rebuilding Masonry, &c. 23

*I'll embroil 'em in Law, I've that in my Pate
Will set them at Strife, till I get an Estate.
I'm as wise as a Pope, and as rich as a King,
And my own, own, own, own, own, own, own, own,
own, own, own, own Virtues I'll sing.*

*Each Mason's a Builder, in one Scheme or other,
And I build on Ruin, tho' 'tis of my Brother:
Then how should the Stranger expect to escape,
We Men of the Law are like Men of the Crape.
I'm as wise as a Pope, and as rich as a King,
And my own, own, own, &c.*

*The Lawyers and Doctors, and Priests should agree,
Each Man to be enter'd a Mason like me,
That joining in Friendship our Foes all may feel,
We have Pow'r to inflame, and we've Power to kill.*

*The following Song was sung by a
Son of Bacchus, at a Bacchanalian
Banquet of Free Masons, and
pass'd the Approbation of the late
D. of W.*

WE have no idle Prating,
Of either Whig or Tory;
But each agrees
To live at Ease,
And sing or tell a Story.

CHORUS

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C H O R U S.

*Fill to him,
To the Brim:
Let it round the Table rowl.
The Divine
Tells ye, Wine
Cheers the Body and the Soul.*

2d CHORUS.

*Fill to him, &c.

We will be Men of Pleasure,
Despising Love or Party,
Whilst Knaves and Fools
Prescribe us Rules
We are sincere and hearty*

3d CHORUS.

*Fill to him, &c.

If any are so foolish
To whine for Women's Favour,
We'll bind him o're
To drink no more,
Till he has a better Savour.*

4th CHORUS.

*Fill to him, &c.

If an accepted Mason
Should talk of High or Low-Church,
We'll set him down
A shallow Crown,*

And

Rebuilding Masonry, &c. 25

And understanding no Church.

5th CHORUS.

Fill to him, &c.

The World is all in Darkneſs

About as they conjecture;

But little think

We naught but drink:

For that's the Maſons Lecture.

6th CHORUS.

Fill to him, &c.

Our Love and our Religion;

Morality and Reaſon,

Is thus to drink,

and never think

Of Piety or Treason.

7th CHORUS.

Fill to him, &c.

Come, Landlord, bring a Hogſhead;

And in the Corner place it,

Till it rebound

With hollow Sound

Each Maſon here will face it.

8th CHORUS.

Fill to him,

To the Brim:

Let it round the Table rook

The Divine

Tells ye, Wine

Cheers the Body and the Soul.

D

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*An Amourous Mason being offended
wieh his Brother, for speaking so
slightly of Love, swore, he that
did not love a Love-Song was a
Woman-hater; and modestly beg'd
leave to sing two Love-Songs of his
own making, and they were these.*

Lesbia, once the happy she,
That never Sorrow knew,
Was always easy, ever free,
Till Love his Arrow drew;
Which at the first let go, so struck
This tender Maiden's Breast,
That from that Time she scarcely took
One single Moment's Rest.

II.

Lesbia, a stranger to such Pains,
The Reason did not know;
But to the lonely Woods complains
Of the unhappy Blow.
Tell me, (said she) the Reason why
My Heart is so deprest?
A distant Voice she heard reply;
In the last Accent; Rest.

III.

How long must I this Pain endure,
Before it doth remove?
Is there no Remedy will cure?
Then Eccho answer'd, Love.

When

Rebuilding Masonry, &c. 27

When will my Sorrows be enow?

Tell me, I pray thee do?

The hollow Dales retorted now;

Then straight unto her View.

IV.

Strephon appear'd with eager Look,

And soon approach'd the Lass;

Quickly into his Arms he took,

And laid her on the Grass:

Sorrow no more with flowing Tears

O'erwhelms her brilliant Eyes,

The happy Nymph, exempt from Fears,

In Love's Embraces lies.

By the same.

AS Collin to his Sheep did hie,

To loose them from the Fold,

A pretty Girl he chanc'd to spie,

With Hair like burnisht Gold.

By fearful Steps he to her makes,

And long's to tell his Tale:

His trembling Heart within him akes,

For fear his Suit should fail.

II.

But Love this former Tale prepares,

To animate the Boy;

To dissipate his sluggish Fears,

And turn his Grief to Joy.

His Maid, I was by Gypsey told,

To tend my bleating Flock;

And to release them from their Fold,

This Morn by four o' Clock;

D 2

And

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III.

*And in a little Meadow by
A Damsel I should see,
With ruby Lips, and sparkling Eye,
And she my Bride should be.
Then since kind Heaven will have it so,
Let us enjoy each other,
And I will briefly let you know
How Daddy serv'd your Mother.*

IV.

*O! fie young Collin, she reply'd,
Desist from this Request,
Young Folks will fust my Folly chide,
And most the Crime detest.
He vow'd, if she did so command,
He'd instantly desist,
Then took her by the Dewy Hand,
And bugg'd it to his Breast.*

V.

*O! fie, O! fie! again she said;
Why do you grasp me so?
Forbear to hurt a harmless Maid;
Do Collin, let me go;
The Swain did her Request fulfill,
So laid her on the Plain,
And when he once had done his Will,
He did it once again, &c.*

A merry Mason's Catch.

*WHAT tho' they call us Masons Fools,
We prove by Geometry and Tools*

*And Arts not taught within the Schools,
That we are Gentle-men.*

*We raise no Plots against the State,
Nor 'gainst Great Men in Power prate,
But all that's Noble, Good and Great,
Is perform'd by Masonry,*

*Let those that rail against the Art
Live in a Cave, or some Desert,
And herd with Brutes from Men apart,
For their Stupidity.*

*These Love-Songs pleas'd of the Society, who
being a good Sports-man in the Field of
Venus, voted that four Love-Songs should
be sung every Meeting; and accordingly
he sung the following, in Imitation of
the Yorkshire Tale.*

A Doctor there is, and whose Name I could tell;
But if I do not, it may be full as well,
Whose Wife did St. James's in Beauty excel,
With a down, down, down up down derry, derry,
derry up and down, down, derry, derry down.

II.

*Her Features were perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,
Her Hair in fine Ringlets like Jet it did show,
Which often denotes the same Colour below,
With a down, &c.*

A

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III.

*A sprightly young Lord she had smit to the Soul,
All Day he would grieve, all night he would roul,
That he wish'd for his Grave, or a pleasanter Hole,
With a down, &c.*

IV.

*Assistance he wanted, and then did unbend
His Mind to a Pander, who call'd him a Friend,
Who said, my good Lord, do not fear of your End.
With a down, &c.*

VI.

*Already I've thought of a notable Trick,
This Night I will feign my self damnable sick,
And you with Excuse shall get to in the Nick,
With a down, &c.*

V.

*The Doctor has got a young Neice at the Bath,
He's just like your Lordship, as thin as a Lath,
His Wife never saw her, that's better by half.
With a down, &c.*

VII.

*Mean time to the Doctor a Letter we'll send,
She the Nice is a coming to him as a Friend,
And this Night she will be at her Journey's End.
With a down, &c.*

VIII.

*In Woman's Apparel your self you must dress,
I send for the Doctor, you personate Bess,
The Consequence sure he's a Fool cannot guess,
With a down, &c.*

IX.

*No sooner contriv'd, but the Intrigue was pursu'd,
The Pander was sick, and the Doctor was good,*

And

*And tarry'd all Night whilst 'his Lady was lewd.
With a down, &c.*

*A Melancholy Poem address'd to
Melpomene, on the Downfall of
Masonry.*

MElpomene, who guides the Tongues
Of those who suffer under Wrongs;
Thou, who dost ever lend an Ear
To those in hip, or deep Despair.
Inspire my disappointed Muse
Surrounded with repeated News
Of Brethren that are past Relief,
Of whom your Devotee is Chief;
And since Invention can't assuage,
Pray lend us Tears or give us Rage;
An Idol tho' it's made of Wood,
By its Worshipers is thought as good,
If 'tis not offer'd to be sold,
As if 'twas made of beaten Gold;
The Disappointment is the all,
And Beggarmen may be in Thrall.
A broken Crutch, or Stick, or Stump,
Has put Philosophers in Dump.
Then Goddess please to indulge my Complaint,
My Loss would almost grieve a Saint:
If Saints in mortal State could be
Initiated in Masonry.
That Bautefeu, the crooked Richard,
Was not so bad by half as Prichard;

He

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He did but take a Crown, and show
 Of Men and Children but a few;
 But this vile Wretch this Renegade,
 In publick makes his vile Brevado,
 Of overturning a Community;
 The greatest that e'er held in Unity.
 All round the Globe our Arts diffus'd,
 Emprors and Kings our Friendship obs'd;
 And thought it not the least Disgrac'd,
 In Masons Lodge to take a Place;
 And tho' the World we were deceiving,
 The World was cred'lous and believing,
 And what is Happiness in chief,
 But Expectation and Belief.
 And though 'tis nothing in the Main,
 When nothing's lost who will complain?
 A Child of Cherry-stones is proud,
 And when they're lost bawls out aloud;
 And we to play with had a Charm,
 And tho' it did not good or harm;
 It made us great and wond'rous famous,
 And kept the World still Ignoramus.
 Now all's betray'd and made a Scoff,
 Each Mason made a Ninny of.
 And all our valuable Toys,
 expos'd to Girls and 'Prentice Boys.
 Melpomene assist my Rhyme,
 But it must be another time.
 I'm over-run with Gall and Spitten,
 And am oblig'd to close the Scene.

F I N I S